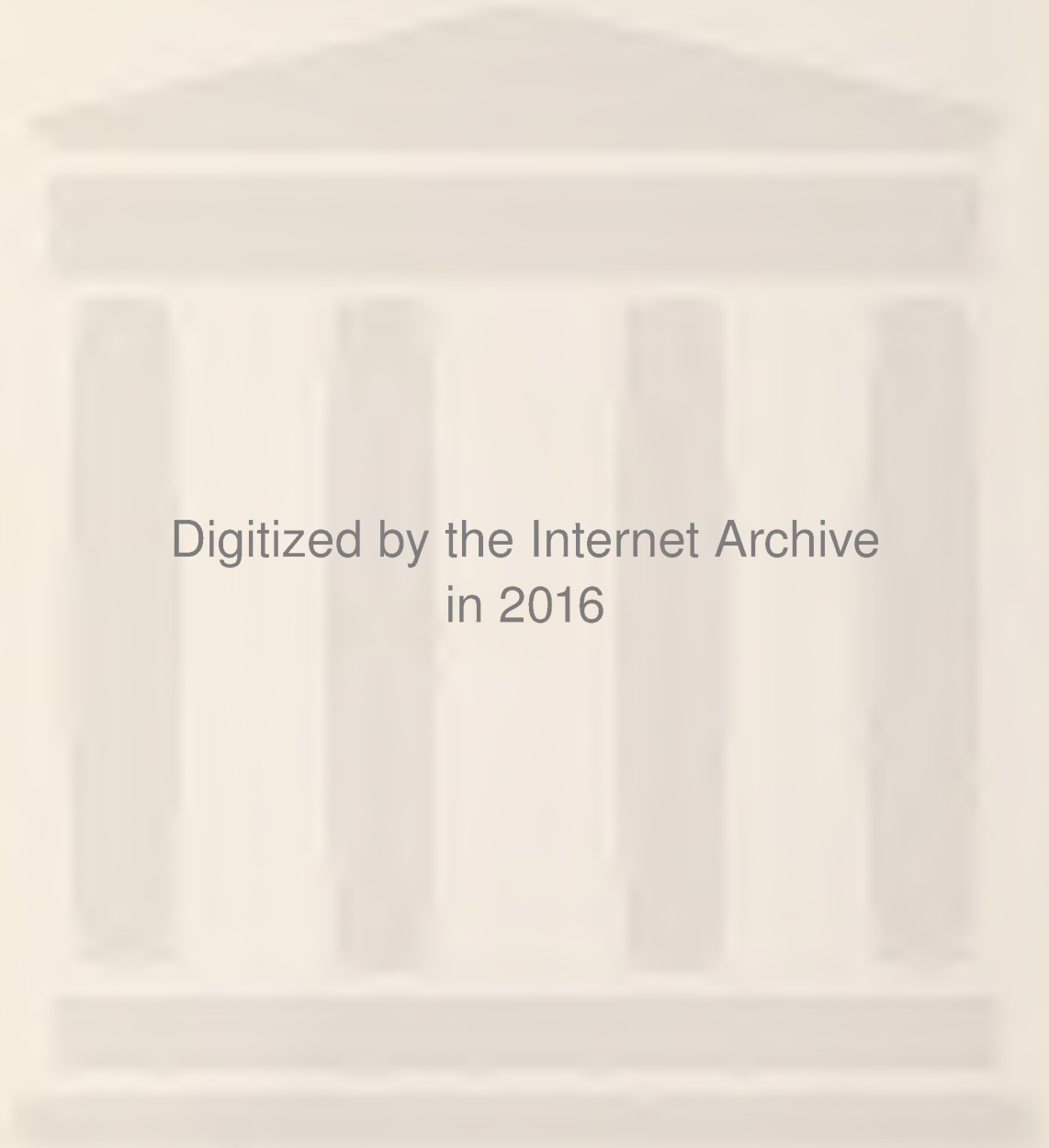
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calvert

Fall 70

Sometimes, a raindrop falls
in a rushing to the earth.

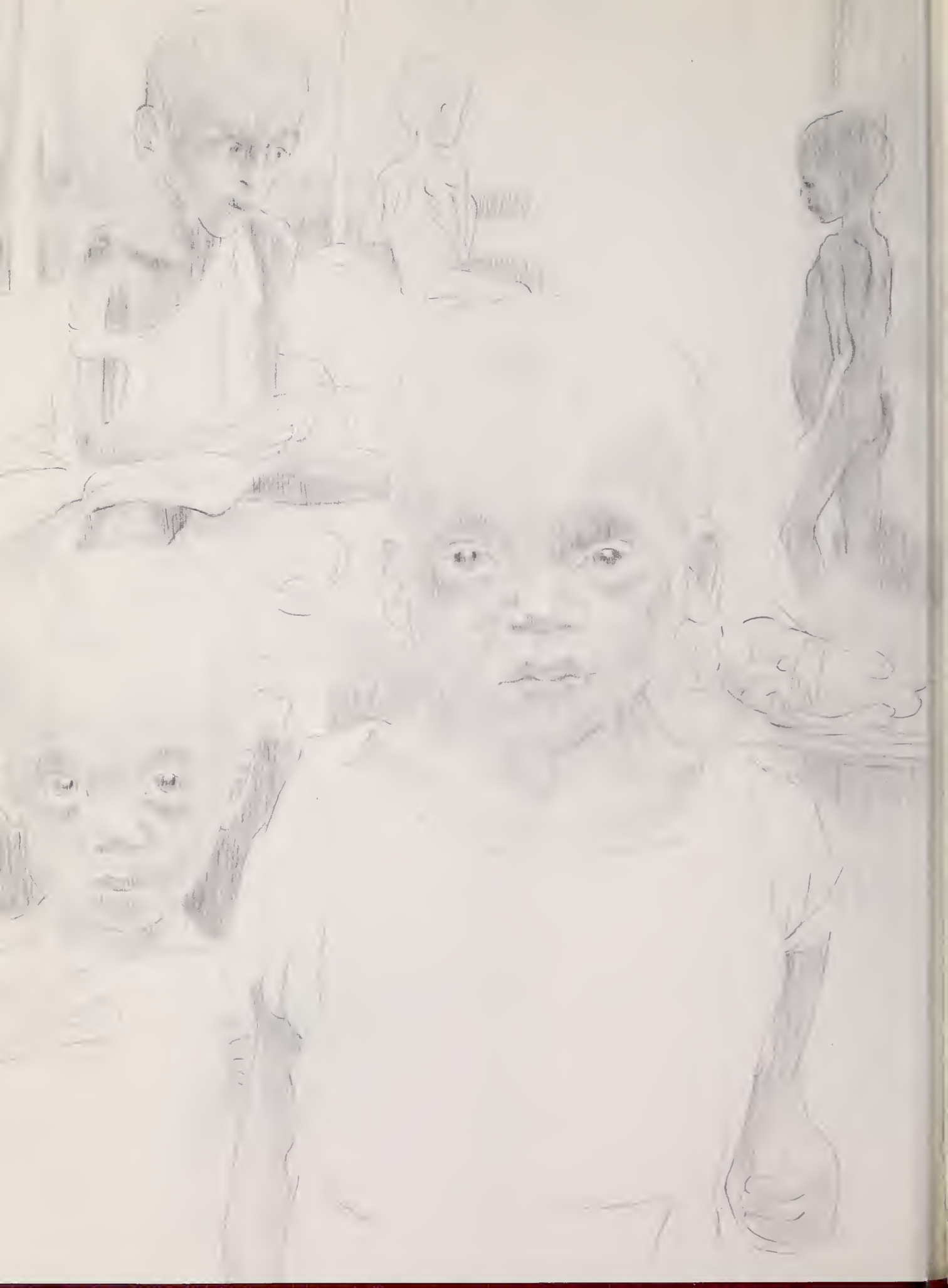
Passing, mid-air, colors reflect
the brilliance of color reflecting color.

And inside there must be a fragile warmth
protecting the beauty of its wetness.

And so it is with the art of words, colors and patterns. The storms in the minds of the creative become single raindrops. Some are protected and on the inside. Others have burst and are falling, hard. Some crash and destroy. Others build again. But all falling to earth replenishing the minds of the observers.

Calvert is the expression of those falling drops of artistic creations.

—carolyn a. jones
editor



Mefrɛ Sika
Sika Ngye so.
Mefrɛ Ntama,
Ntama Ngye so.
Onipa Ne Asɛm.

wayloon chuang

It occurs to me what we
have outside ourselves
is the interaction of ourselves
with the mirrors.
But even if they are nearly perfect
it is a lie
even if we have each other
we suffer if we look
for the celebration of the image
outside its source.

So stay with me if
in trying to scratch away
the crystal image
I can carve a window in the mirror
and be freed
for through that dark hole
maybe to see everything.
Because the truth is coming dressed
in mourning clothes and
it is only to be hinted at.
We are coming together to celebrate
our separateness in the
resolution of the image
into the dust
of the beggar's cup.

But we will not see to touch
until the urgent jerking movements
of the bleeding wrist and the nail
and the hammer and
the cross
of the emancipated image in the mirror
have stopped exploding in our faces.
The crystal dawn is sleeping on
our doorstep the crystal dawn
is coming too.
Where the poet is a liar
pointing at the truth.
The poem is the window.
It preserves our precious separateness.
In it I carve
your name.

—rona gross laves

steve budman

luzern

To a friend who has sought The Infinite

Several sea-sick elephants
once stopped outside my door.
They said their hearts were heavy,
and their bodies oh so weary
of a constant slushing echo in their heads;
and would I give them shelter,
and nurse their sea-raw wounds?

I gave them salt for their wounds;
to dry the sodden flesh out,
to soak the hidden tides up—
salt to hush the pounding of the waves.

Each night, lying ponderous in the basement,
their sleep became easier,
until they slept on solid ground again,
until they dreamt of jungles once again,
Each night, lying shrunken in the bedroom.
I slept in a wash of cast off fears—
cast off oceans pouring over me,
scattered white-caps cresting my dreams.
Each morning, their drier still drier bones
clacked noisily in time to a distant din.
I fed them salt,
saving none for myself.

And when they were healthy,
I sent them off.
I flung my wrinkling arms
around the trunk of each, in turn;
I kissed their scaly hides,
and watched them lumber off
penultimately
to the sea.

—elizabeth ayres

joe neil

painting *cheryl london*

To a distinguished candle
in some obscure
and lonely spot
perhaps
there is
another way
than out.

—jean johnson

About your hair,
i can only say
you left it indeterminably
everywhere.

in the sink, under the bed,
once, curving out from my
whipped potatoes at dinner
like a graceful
question mark.

It bothered me for weeks.

Once, opening the telephone bill
a thin black spiral circled the federal tax.
i thought it was an eyelash

but i guess i knew better.

—chris gardner

cheryl london

painting

Temporary arrangement

Like temporary Siamese twins,
We lie in our twin bed,
Joined at the hip
By the small space
Our legs and arms flail
To separate but
We are forced--
I by the wall and you by the edge--
To meet in the middle.
That is the splitting.

—marianne laroche

Piedmont airport

for valerie
Through the field shanty's window
The light plane rises badly,
Falling dependently back on the tail,
Rocking forward on the nose,
Up, across tortured panes
of thin, blue October air
Until it drones,
Gone free over the roof and the bedridden earth.

I turn to the dark side of the shanty
Where the greasy air still sizzles
between us like the hamburgers
Frying in their pan,
So I go out and sit on the steps.

Those neat machines
Make a loud noise when they crash.
I have heard them leveling the trees
For miles and could do nothing.
It is never that easy with you.
When you cry, only
A thin bubble rises
In the part of your lips,
Breaks
And crashes back in.

—donald cook

Silence

Actually, as a gate you'd
be very good. You know
exactly when to keep me out.

—liz mcguiness

richardson

amsterdam *steve budman*

rome

harold lalos

50,000 flies can't be wrong

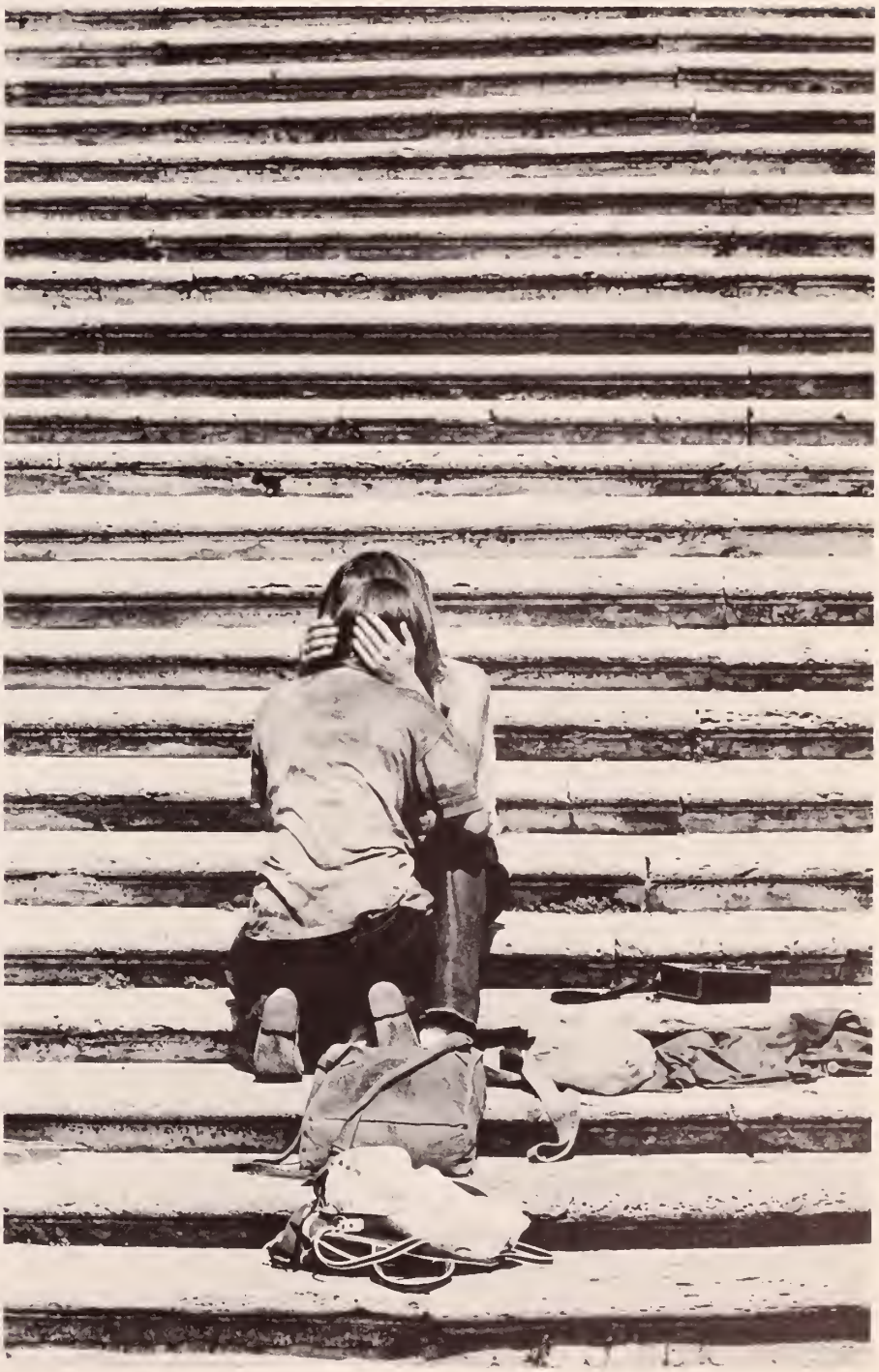
I wonder
if I was
shot
in the
center
of my
forehead
if the
first
drop
of
blood
would follow
a straight
course
between my
eyes
and down
my
nose
or if
blood would
choose to bifurcate
and run
down the
sides of my tear-
eroded cheeks

—elijuh mirochnik

Touch

Tonight I am Walt Whitman's child
touching, holding,
feeling the sand
as if it were
another's hand,
being the system that I am
of senses, desires,
woman and man
together in me.
No boundary felt
between the differences
of bodies, no land,
no minds' separation
dispels this desire
to touch,
I am senses here
in this common sand
between us.
And all I desire
is to touch your hand
and all the others
I have missed
for so long.

—edie rodman



rome

steve budman

Seventeen and

I

Bring before thine eyes
A paper cup tribunal
Stuffed with black cloaked men
Whose lips are parched,
Whose minds are over-
Satiated with half-truths and
Sixpence lies.
Justice is but
A dog whose heart has ceased
To beat on a frigid night.

Thine eyes have walked
Upon the land
And puppet was thy face
As I was young
And waxed was thy face
As I wore old

Thine eyes have rolled thru weeping hillside
And frosted tears, that dally
A road upon thy thumb and finger ridden cheeks,
Announced the season and I was happy,
White happy, happy happy

I pogo sticked thru a day
Of white and black
Most every day
And then mom sent me off to school.
I found a shade of grey

three-quarters

IIa

grade 1: see spot run. run spot run. see jane grade 2: i
cannot tell a lie, i chopped grade 3: for which it stands, one
nation under god i found a shade of grey grade 4: discovered a-
merica. columbus discovered america. christopher columbus
discovered america grade 5: freed the slaves. lincoln freed
the slaves. abraham lincoln freed the slaves grade 6: ate
together. and the indians ate together. the pilgrims and the
indians ate together i found a shade of grey

IIb

grade 7: see lyndon run. see barry run. run lyndon run grade
8: i have to tell a lie so you will understand grade 9: under god,
indivisible, with liberty and justice for i found a shade of
grey grade 10: discovered america. salinger discovered america.
j d salinger discovered america grade 11: freed the slaves. king
freed the slaves. martin luther king freed the slaves grade 12:
fight together. americans fight together. viets and americans
fight together

III

america i have sucked your
nippled rhetoric much too long.
you've over-fed my begging mind.
numb, i can no longer stomach the tubes,
the wheels and waxing screams,
the pimple creams, dick clarks
and mini-viruses you rape me with. my eyes
are swelled in leathered search. lost,
i hound for colors
white—my throated
helps are caged in mock. help me helpmehelpme
helpme helpme help me
black—my knuckled fucks are mocked in cage. fuck you
my lips are grey from over-suck

i stop
i freeze
i deja vu
i cry again.

—elijuh mirochnik

jar

john stewar

Johanna is a woman's name

but let's pretend it's not

And these visions of johanna
have kept me up past dawn.
—bob dylan

Walking down the mountain
on feet of molten rock,
with head of raving star-fire,
I saw Johanna stop.
I saw Johanna stop and talk
to a singing shepherd boy,
to a shepherd boy with sunbeams
shining just below his knees.

Passing through the village
with eyes Orion-bright,
with sea-drenched crater-eyes,
I saw Johanna smile.
I saw Johanna smile and nod
at a sodden gutter drunk
at a drunk with drain-pipe toehold
on a ladder made of mud.

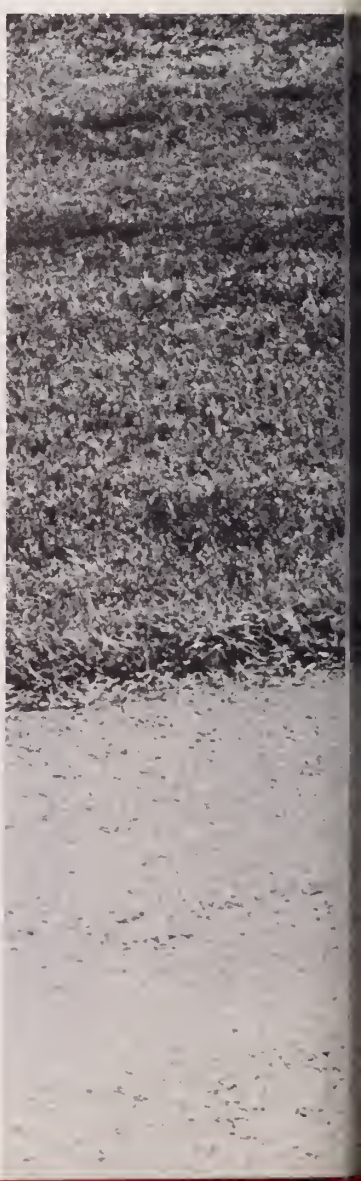
Walking up the mountain
on feet of molten rock,
with head of raving star-fire,
I saw Johanna stop.
I saw Johanna stop and turn
and crook his head at me.
Walking up the mountain,
I saw Johanna shrug.

—elizabeth ayres

Doomed child

A flower grows in a ghetto.
A bud at first sight, no mark of
human hands upon its tender flesh.
The rain falls with blessing phrases
upon its face.
The warm sun caresses.
Someone throws out their garbage.

Someone s
A bottle c
The petals
begin t
Now the h
This ghett
died lea



nts.
ıe ground.
ɛtto flower

ɔsed.
s wilted and
with no root

and no soul.

—crystal cooper

The people in the back country say

Mostly in 5 o'clock madness
Bronx Expressway-cross-the-bridge-to-Jersey
garbage parkway
Oradell High School
Where are you Little Richard?
moment...
    squeezing the weather report
for a ten per cent chance of ending the War
or coughing up and out of New York's latest nakedness
we could only pretend to think of something other
than the toll booth-full
of eight million kill-you-in-a-second Friends.

But there was a time
and the rushing of the wind
and the spill of memories through the Black Hills
where the back-country children play
on mornings when the back-country people say,
"Jesus."

Not since that first cold vision
when we came
tired and open to the Harbor
with its tarnished lady waiting and waiting...
seeming to know the same things we knew
and silent;
dull ages ago when the songs were new.
Not since then have we dared remember
an evening or a life-time of the past.

And yet,
as we pass the Palisades
pushed along in traffic snaking wildly home
in minutes filled with motors
Stop. Go.
Casualty counts and royal reassurances of plenty
to eat, plenty to bleed and plunder.

There's a sound in the evening
there's a thunder in the Black Hills
and the rushing of the wind
children in the rain
as the people in the back-country say,
"Jesus."

—russell mcguire

in bed
smelling her hair
greased in place
with a safety pin keeping her pants from opening
closed
the smell is there
her face is covered with glasses
reflecting poor eyesight
and i am caught
in her banlon blouse
between the second and third buttons
peeking out from behind the darkness
looking for an opening
the wet mouth
surrounded by fat lips
used for kissing
    slim-lipped Jewish boys
who have lost their way
to synagogue
someone ate the bread crumbs
and it's been a long time since i was a
cubscout

—larry blonder

york beach,

maine

larry higgins

Dear Mr. Masefield

"Bye-bye" and "bird" were my first words.
First words, then inclinations. Not to be mistaken
With two-year-olds who are toddlers, I was a hiker
Of lawns and long streets, of no unusual hopes or fears.

As do young birds and hikers who reach the ocean,
I thought: There is no way around it.
Did you think I would have contacted you if I had stumbled
Upon a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume?
No way. I was trying to make contact with my feet underwater.

And, if at any time I must go down to the sea again,
I will go, without so many words or the wheel's kick.

—nancy marks

athens

harold lalos

london

steve budman

Media

paper boy
   bringing distorted news
but then, that's news.
   and the source
is often wrong but indisputably
   correct.

that sensual feeling
   that works around lips
i want that.
   good grief!
i do believe it's true.

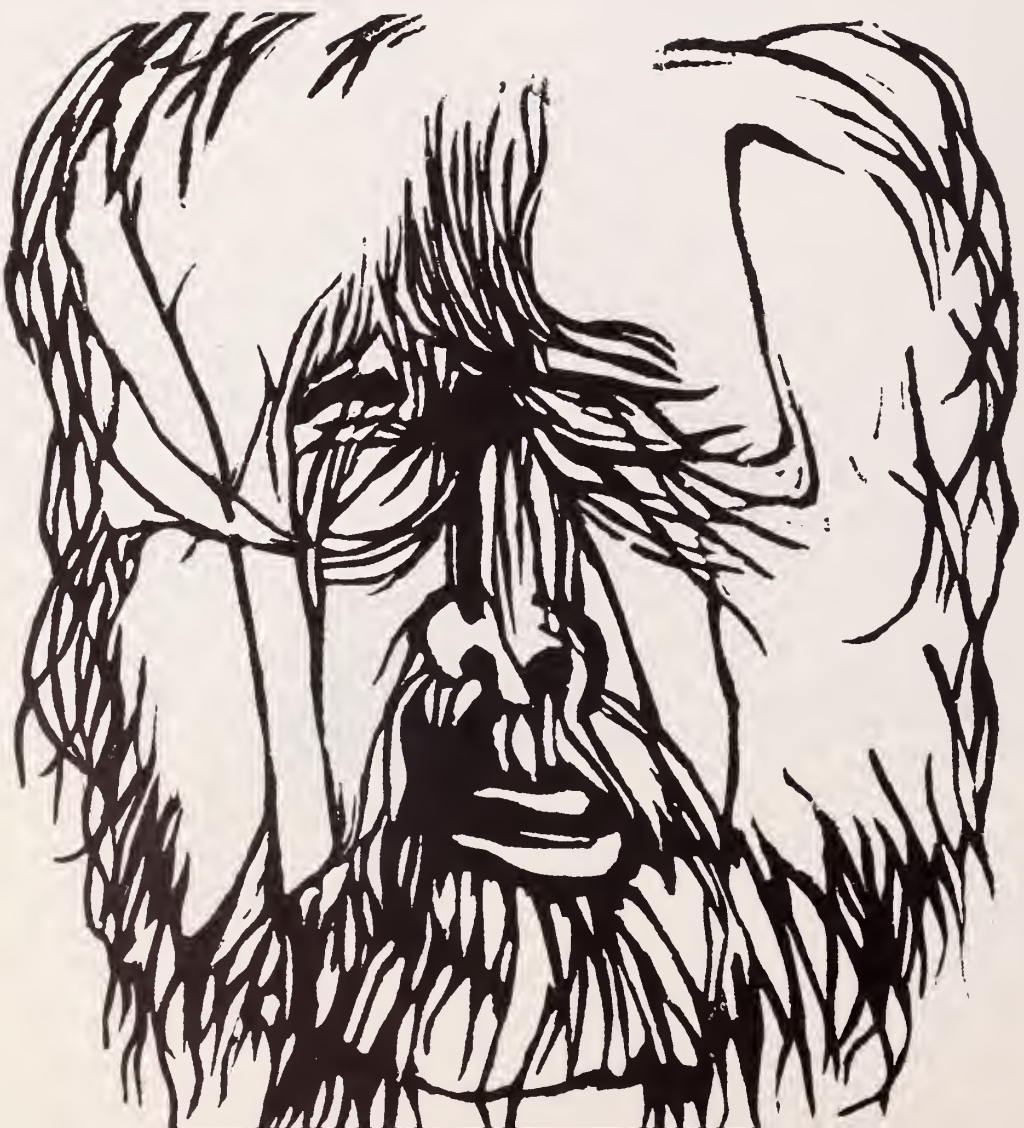
   and birds are always
present
   strutting undressed
to the mind
   that reads carefully.

—jean johnson

Knife toss

When the knife hit good, the box
Made a little noise and plopped down dead
Like a man.
58's summer passed in a flick
Of the wrist while we waited turns
For the homemade knife, wrapped
At the handle with electrician's tape,
And the ironing-board box, making
A little noise and plopping down dead.

—donald cook



wayloon chuang

"...These honored sons..."

Some sons of a small town
gave themselves to glory
in a war.

One lurched gasping
through the mustard gas,
to lie in a muddy field.

Another turned to hail a buddy
and received a mortar shell
in whistling reply.

Two drowned screaming
in a sea of steam,
when the U-boat struck.

Five were crosshaired
in a Maxim's burst,
writhing in the sun
till the medics might come.

And the grateful people
erected a stone on the road.
The road has grown,
and the town.
The progeny those honored sons left,
or didn't leave,
have grown,
and died or lived
according to the plan.
The stone is still there,
its plaque somewhat oxidized,
its list still small,
its flagpole attended by someone I never see,
who also must pull the weeds
and sweep the stone occasionally,
and shoo the pigeons out of feathery torpor.

—michael dolan

How clever
of the day
to be 24 hours.
Just so.

Burnt toast wino

We sit in a basement
under no-tree houses,
where gutters crawl together
past cellar mamas' eyes
made of grease and snow,
eating charred toast
from the furnace.

I am small and feeling
pear shaped musk
and gutter soot
are better than Jack Benny
or the car people,
who fix lights
and gospelsing him new linoleum
he doesn't need.
He is a wet heap of rug,
maroon and worn,
and wide enough
for kitchen chairs
to hide on.
Between us fifty warm mornings
are passing.

—susan sonde

mykonos

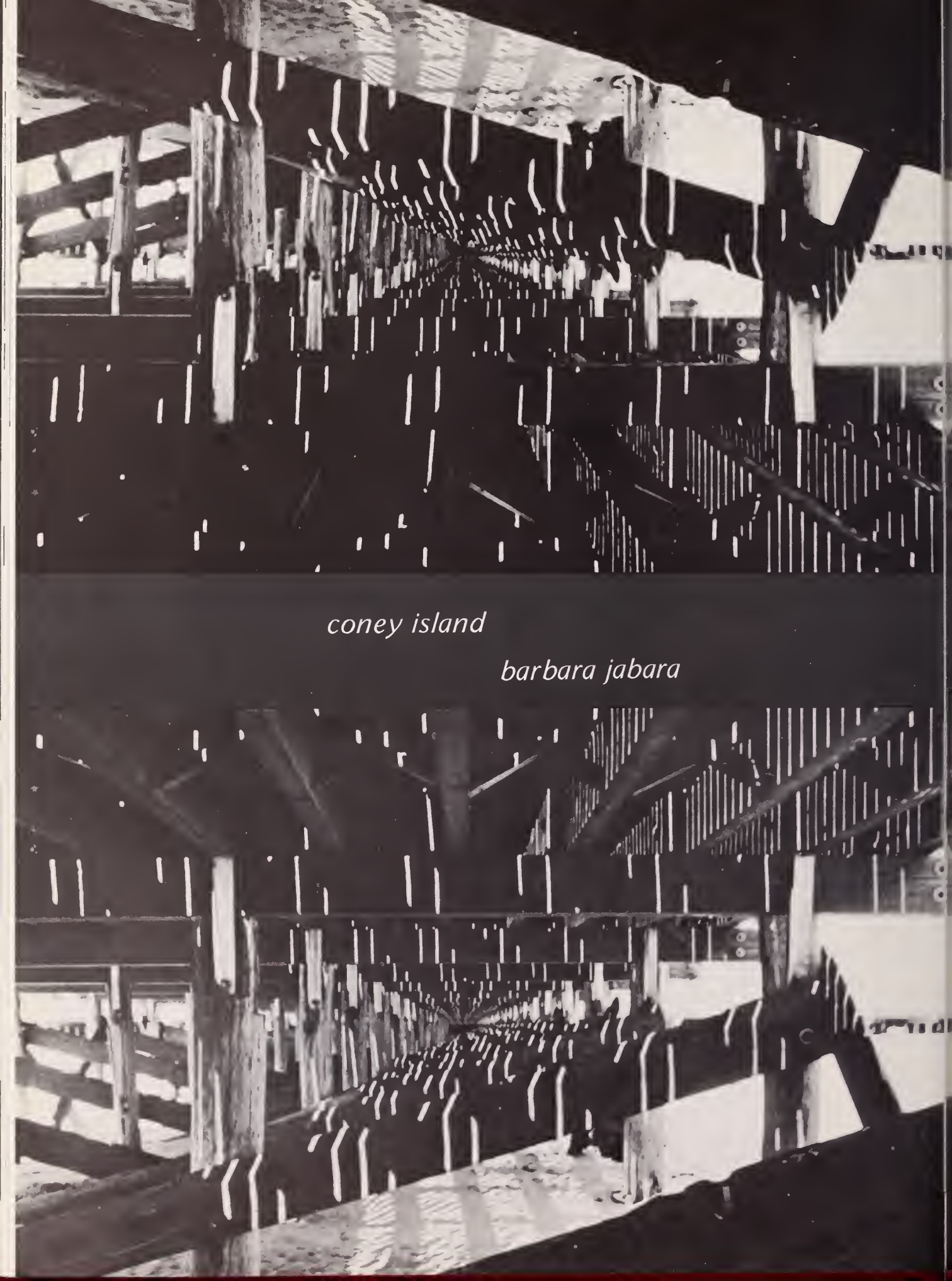
harold lalos

Gypsy woman

Only twice
In all this life
Is the gypsy woman found—
At entrance
And departure
She beckons
With the same
Engaging hand.

—jean johnson

frien



coney island

barbara jabara

On the impending suicide of a friend

I will wait slowly for that stale morning
when you decide it is enough:
not bursting the greyness into a thousand
spangles sparkles of eternity—
as my neighbor did with his gun—
but fading with pills back to blackness
while the sun thaws frost on the window.

—john link

richstone

Goodbye

and now there is nothing save
that numbness following surprise
the day i drove a knife under my fingernail

—john link

Who believed him

And so it was
that our father promised
Peace
and neveragain
and outside my window, there
in the well-furrowed earth
my father buries his son
who believed him.

The milk wagon passed
often
our small house
and the children would come
running
I would go running
my brother would race me,
beat me,
and the milk man gave us
large rocks of ice in the summer.

Today the squeaking brakes
of an old milk wagon
break the silence of sycamores
sleeping on the lane
and my mother cries in the kitchen.

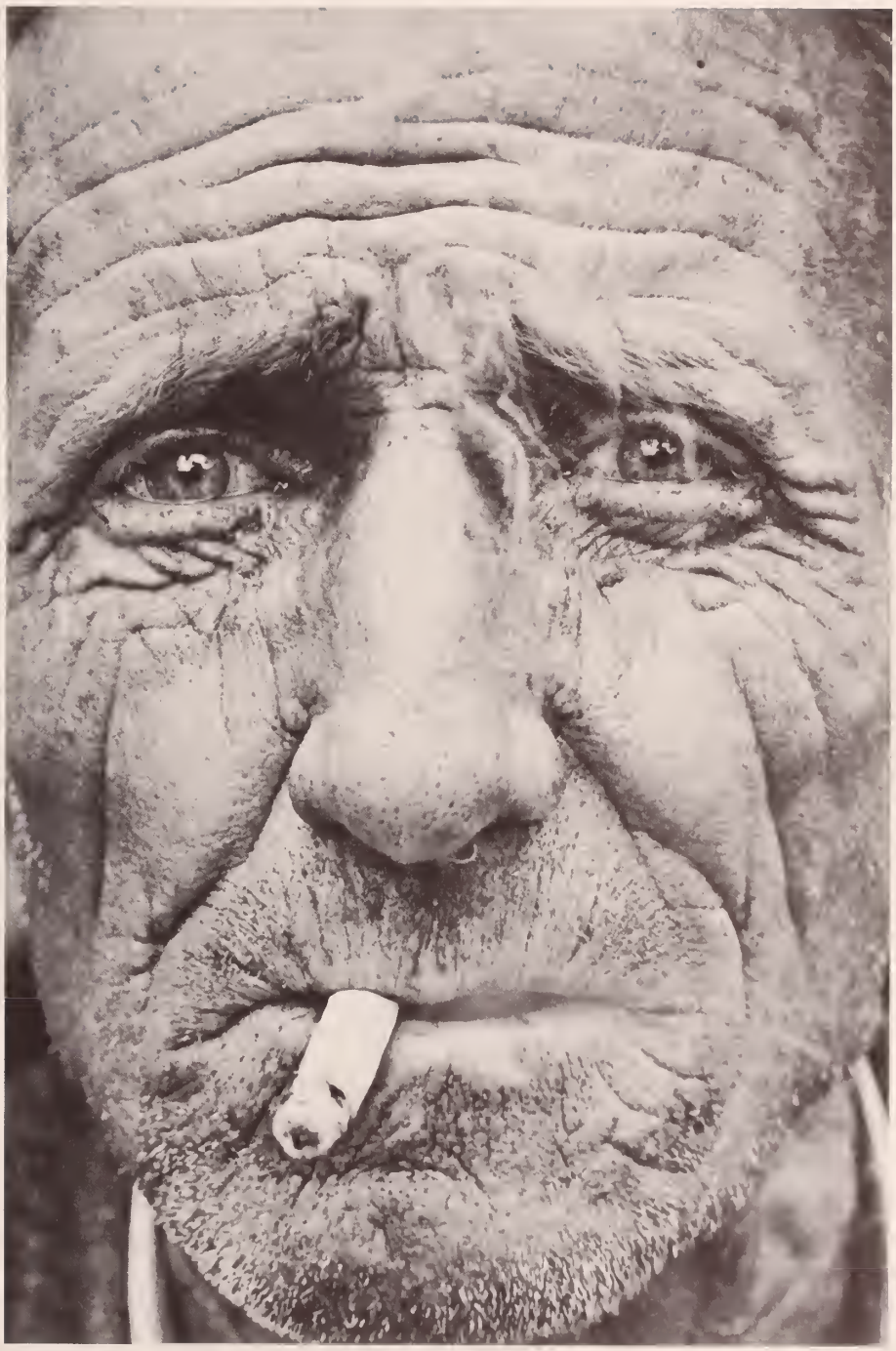
Once we explored the woods
together.
A dream world of endless streams
and trees hollowed out by the weather
saw us discover America
a million times;
logs tied themselves into rafts
and Lewis and Clark lived again.
My brother and I carved our names
in bark
and stone
we made known our presence to
the ground
and drowned imagined savages
bare-handed in the stream
and dreamed as summer seemed
forever.

Yesterday my father bought
groceries from a store that
used to be a tree
hollowed out by the weather.
Today I discovered America
hollowed out by a store.

Decembers used to bring big fires
on our hearth
and father sat his sons down.
His warm chair held us well
and tales of Omaha
and burning beaches
burned with wood in the fire.
He'd point to those andirons of brass,
that shined,
that my brother and I would polish,
and he'd call them Marines
at War
holding strong amid the flames of Normandy
and we'd watch with bright eyes
as the fires died, leaving the andirons
scorched, but standing.
"We were like that."
I think sometimes he'd cry.

And so it was
that my father promised
Peace
and neveragain;
and outside my window, there
in the well-furrowed earth
my father buries his son
who believed him.

—russell mcguire



joe neil

calvert

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